

The Automatic, Lost At Home

Give me a reason not to keep sleeping
When I'm awake I feel like I am dreaming
The world is shrinking, every street's the same thing
I can't reach that far but there are people disappearing

How can I pretend to know my own mind
The more questions I ask the more I find
I'm lost at home, out of time
The coins I flip land on their side

I'm holding my breath at your end of town
I'm just passing by, not for the first time
If I could rest my head just for a moment
Then I think that I would be fine

Slowly sinking, still thinking
There must be something I am missing
The street light, my sun light
I won't sleep, I'm up all night

Can't stop (can't stop) till I (till I) have been (have been) used up (used up)
If I was not lost for words then I'd have nothing to describe

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